**Joanie: The Epilogue**

by[JBEdwards](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3145872&page=submissions)©

*This is my 11th and last Joanie story. I hope you have liked them. I'm even older now than I am portrayed in my stories, but the memories are clear as a bell. One does not forget these things easily, if ever. Thank you for having stuck with me and read the stories, if indeed you have. If this is your first Joanie story, you might want to read some of the others before reading this one.*

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If you have read my ten stories of my college years, you know I had some pretty wild times, and that I was cruelly used by men for their own needs, be it promotions, money, or just plain sex. The common theme was that they exploited my two weaknesses, both tied to being drunk, those being exhibitionism and too easy to get into bed. At times I was even much too easy. Basically, when drunk I am a slut. I grew up too fast, I think.

Well I'm out of college now, even out of graduate school. I'm 27 years old, single, and I still have a great body. And I'm still short, only now I call it petite. I've joined the workforce, and I am providing computer security for, you guessed it, a bank in New York. I dye my hair blonde, changed how I wear it, and I go by my middle name. I call myself Susie, and nobody at this particular bank has yet fingered me for being "Joanie of Zurich," thank God.

I'm very careful about exhibitionism at work. My colleagues think I don't like alcoholic drinks. They respect that. I don't date my colleagues. I don't think I come off as a cold bitch or anything, just perhaps a private and reserved person who gets the job done. So far, the men I work with have respected that. Mostly they are geeks, anyway, a different breed of people than private bankers, traders and the like.

I have stopped several denial of service attacks, and prevented numerous people and criminal gangs from hacking into people's accounts. I even stopped the Russians and the Chinese, and that's not easy. I'm quite proud of myself. Even better, the bank realized just what I've done for it and desperately wants to keep me happy. Traders and private bankers having naked pictures of me, or pictures of me in sexual acts on people's computers is not the way to do that.

Anyway, those pictures date back 7 years ago, and 7 years is a long time. I was a foolish and carefree 20-year-old then, and I like to think, and hope, that I am more mature now.

I get paid good money, too. That's why I work at a bank.

The weekends are different. Indeed, sometimes they are very different. I don't have a boyfriend, really, although there are around three men who are after me. Of the three, Luke is my favorite. He's not a banker; he's a lawyer, quite a successful one. The big drag is that he is much older, being 38; that's an 11-year difference.

Last weekend he took me to the Hamptons, out on Long Island, to the most remote "Hampton," called Montauk, where he has a small place. He calls it The Chateau, ironically since it is anything but a chateau. Nevertheless, even a small place out there on the beach is worth millions. Montauk is at the Eastern end of the island, and the island is long, over 100 miles long. So at times out there I feel as if I am at the end of the earth.

It was a warm day, so we went to the beach. I wore my bikini, and he got interested. We began to make out together, as if we were still teenagers. But we're not, so when he tried to remove my top and stick his hand into my bottoms, I gently stopped him both times. I said, "Wait. Wait until we're back in the chateau."

"Susie," he said, "There's nobody around. We're alone on the beach. That's the advantage of living out here." I looked him in the eye, and then he tried again to remove my bikini top. I was not drunk at all, I had not a drop of alcohol since the previous weekend, but I let him do it.

He continued to kiss me, and clearly being pleased with himself for having gotten my top off, he fondled my breasts. It felt nice. I could feel him smiling through the kiss. We continued like this for a while. It was exciting for me to be topless on the beach.

He climbed on top of me and I could feel his erection through his swim trunks. He began to remove my bottoms, too. That would make me naked underneath him, and I knew Luke well enough to know that meant that inevitably we would be fucking on the beach. I pushed him off, stood up, and said, "If you are going to keep at this, Luke, you had better buy me a few cocktails first."

As I stood over him, topless, he was looking up at me, enjoying the view. I did not realize my bikini bottom had been pushed down so that it was barely hiding anything. I saw a flash of light, looked carefully, and could barely make out our neighbor, ogling me with a pair of binoculars. A lens had reflected the sun, and that's why I saw the flash. We had a voyeur.

It was then that I noticed the top of my vagina was poking out of my bottoms, and I instinctively moved my arms to pull it back up, when my arms just stopped. We had a voyeur. All the better, let him look. So I left it like that, and I began to get aroused.

All the old feelings from college came rushing back, and I got wet at the idea of having a voyeur, even if it was probably just our neighbor. Thinking back, I guess I got aroused especially because it might be our neighbor. He was a hunk, and I had a crush on him.

If he was the voyeur, we could do lots of things for him. Ideas raced through my head.

I walked back to the chateau topless, not to titillate Luke although it clearly did, but to give more of a show to the voyeur. Aroused still, I wore no bra under my blouse when I dressed for town. I had not done that since college. Luke did not even notice, he was so used to my conservative way of dressing it did not enter the realm of possibility in his brain.

I kept one short skirt out at the chateau. Twenty-seven year old professional women who work in banks don't wear mini skirts like I did routinely in college, but for my usual wardrobe, this was fairly short. I also went without panties. Luke did not know that, either.

I had had some sort of brain freeze out there on the beach, and was acting like my old exhibitionist self from 6 years earlier. It felt good. I knew I would not do this again, it was too risky, but I wanted to make the most of this one time.

Luke took me to Southhampton, party central for the Hamptons, and he took me to a bar where boys meet girls, girls meet boys, girls meet girls, and boys meet boys. It's also where NYC professionals go to get their ya-ya's out on the weekends. A lot of drinking happens in those bars, and a lot of girls get drunk and get laid. I wished Luke were not there; I wanted to go native, to go wild, to get drunk and get laid.

I saw one girl who was really drunk. She was around 24, 25. I thought she was pretty, but there was a sadness in her eyes. Her blouse was unbuttoned and her bra was unclasped. Two men, one on each side of her, had a hand on each boob. She was kissing a third man while they felt her up, and giggling when she was not kissing.

She did not have a care in the world; the booze had removed them. I had the feeling though except for tonight, she had a troubled soul. The men exploiting her drunken availability obviously did not care what the hell her concerns were, or even if she had any, as long as nothing impeded their goal to use her. She gave every indication that all three of them might reach that goal that very evening. For a fleeting moment, I wished I were she.

Later she left with the three men. They did not get far. I looked out the window and saw one of them fucking her right there on the sidewalk, while the other two looked as if they were waiting their turns. I told Luke I needed another drink.

I was getting seriously drunk, and began to play a game with myself. I decided with each drink I would unbutton a button on my blouse. I told Luke and he approved. Luke said I already had had three drinks, and I was holding my fourth, so he unbuttoned three buttons.

There was a mirror behind the bar. There usually is in bars, and often it reflects the bottles lined up in front of it. I always find it a pretty, appealing effect. That's probably why all bars do it, I guess. I looked at myself using that mirror, and I could see a lot of boob. I tried leaning forward, and I could see all of my boobs save the nipples. I looked forward to finishing my fourth drink; then I would really be on display. I took my time, though. A lot of the fun is the anticipation.

I said to Luke, "I'm feeling wild tonight. After I finish this drink and lose my fourth button, shall we pretend we're single? You try to pick up a girl, and I'll try to pick up a man. Let's see who wins first. The one who gets kissed first is the winner. What do you think?"

Luke is handsome, rich, and smooth. I was pretty sure he would get someone right away. There were a lot of NYC secretaries who came out on the weekends expressly with the hope of meeting someone like Luke. Many of them were here, and most of them were drunk. Quite a few were already paired up, but quite a few were not.

I have low standards, but to my eyes every one of the girls in the bar looked pretty. Most also looked sexually available. Not necessarily from the way they dressed, although there was certainly that aspect, but from the way they moved, and the looks in their eyes. I always think that the sexiest part of the body, man or woman, is the eyes. Broadcasting sexual availability in the eyes is the best way to get laid. I knew how to do that; it came naturally to me. It also did not hurt that my boobs were on display.

Indeed, pretty, drunk, unattached girls were in heavy supply that evening. I was sure I would lose to Luke. Also a lot of the men would prefer the young tarts to a 27-year-old professional woman. But I would have fun trying. What I did not realize was the effect exposing my breasts in a tantalizing way would have.

Luke said, "Okay, I'm game. But he has to kiss you. You cannot kiss him first, or ask for a kiss; that's cheating. And we need a prize. How about whoever wins, we bring him or her home for a threesome? Assuming the victim is willing, of course."

I knew Luke had wanted a threesome for some time, but I had always said no. With this game he was likely to get one. It was not a priori obvious to me at least, that whoever we picked up would be up for sex, let alone a threesome. I was naïve.

I was wrong about everything. Once men realized I was single, they were all over me. I was a mature twenty-seven years old professional, not one of the early twenties bubblehead secretaries. I was a bigger catch. My breasts got them interested in me, and they stayed around hoping they could seduce me.

For what it's worth, and self-description is hard for me, I have a pretty face and a nice body. My body has been around the block a few times, actually quite a few times, between the ages 18 and 22, but since then not that much. Looking back, it seems like my body back then was running around the block continuously in a sexual marathon. Still, the upshot is that I know my way around a man, better than most women ever do, their entire lives.

I was enjoying it and felt no need to rush things. The men did though, and before long I was being kissed. What happened was one of these guys, Zeke, asked me to dance, and while we danced he began to fondle my boobs. He was cute and he wasn't a banker, so I let him. Next thing I know he had unbuttoned my blouse completely and was exposing my boobs to anyone who could see me in the crowd.

When I let him do that, too, he began to kiss me. It was a good kiss, a sweet kiss, and an open mouth, sexy kiss.

Then a friend of his, named Elijah, cut in, and immediately began also to fondle my boobs, since they were on display, and he too kissed me. I moaned a soft "hmmm" and Elijah stuck his hand under my skirt, right there on the dance floor. This made me very nervous but I did not stop him, I just leaned in closer.

His hand soon found my pussy, and Elijah realized I was commando. He got a big smile. My skirt was a short straight skirt, and it hugged my ass, giving a sexy effect, not that anyone cared at this point. But he began to start pushing it up slowly, and I realized he wanted to expose my private region to the dance floor, too.

This was too much, too fast, and I pulled away from him right into the arms of Zeke. I said "Excuse me, boys, I'll be right back." I had enjoyed the kisses it a lot, but I wanted to let Luke know I had won. I found him kissing one of the drunken bubbleheads, named Mary. We decided it was a tie, and we should bring all three of them home, if they were willing. They were.

Before we left the 5 of us hung out together, and when Luke kissed me, Zeke and Elijah put the moves on Mary, who gave them no resistance at all. When they tried to undress her however, right there on the dance floor, she resisted and got upset. Elijah pointed at my blouse, and she saw that my entire boobs, nipples too, were visible under my now almost completely open blouse.

After that, Mary let Elijah and Zeke take her blouse off, and she was dancing only in her bra. Her bra was lace, and you could see her nipples through the fabric. During a slow dance, Zeke put his hand under her bra and cupped her breast. She giggled and ground a little into his cock.

Meanwhile I had gone back to Elijah and was dancing with him, and Luke was left alone. That's not healthy, and soon enough he had bubblehead number two in his arms. He began to kiss her, and inspired by Mary and me, after some prolonged resistance she let him unbutton her blouse all the way.

Her name was Samantha, and she went by Sam. Her bra was a standard white bra, nothing sexy or revealing. But the context of her reluctance and finally giving in to Luke was symbolic of surrender to him, and I found the whole situation sexy.

I left Zeke and successively picked up two more guys. Probably because my boobs were hanging out for all to see, picking up the two guys was like picking low hanging fruit. My two new ones were Andrew and David. After quite a bit more drinking, the eight of us, five men and three women, were headed back to The Chateau. I was a little nervous about what would happen there.

I felt sure it would have been better to have three men and three women. The bubbleheads however were feeling no pain. I'm not even sure they were aware of the imbalance between men and women.

Everyone was drunk, so we left our cars in Southampton and took Uber to the Chateau. We'd return to get our cars tomorrow. We were in three Uber cars, since there were 8 of us, and the drive takes some time. In my car, I was in the back seat with Zeke on one side, and Elijah on the other.

Zeke began to kiss me. I broke the kiss and asked the driver if he minded. He had already been checking out my boobs, and he said, "Not at all, miss. Mi coche es su coche," or something like that. So I let Zeke kiss me.

I thought this was fairly harmless, but of course Zeke began to fondle my boobs. They were already on display, after all. Elijah was watching this going on. Not content only to watch, he stuck his hand under my skirt. He knew now that I was without panties. I tried to say no, but Zeke was holding my head, pushing my face into his, and I could not get away from the kiss to say no.

I grabbed Elijah's wrist, the one attached to his hand now under my skirt, and I slapped it. Elijah smiled and slapped my bare thigh. That of course is not what I meant, but damn it, it felt good. Seeing my reaction he slapped it again. I was so aroused now I began to squirm.

Zeke saw what was going on and broke the kiss. The two men lay me down with my head in Zeke's lap and my ass between them. I'm so short I could lie down flat in the back seat of this large Uber car. I thought Zeke was going to unzip and want me to blow him, right there in the car. I did not want to do that, I was no longer a drunk 20 year old, and I was not looking forward to saying no.

But I was wrong. Instead in one quick coordinated move, Zeke lifted my prone body an inch or so off the seat and Elijah pushed my skirt up to my waist, exposing my bare ass and my cunt. I was horrified and turned on at the same time.

Before I could protest or try to push my skirt back down, Elijah slapped my ass. He slapped hard, and I cried out. I stopped trying to push down my skirt: it was too erotic. My cry was not one of pain or protest, but one of eros. Zeke took over the slapping, which was hard and relentless, while Elijah began to finger me roughly. I was already sopping wet, so it turned out not to be that rough.

It also turns out (and I didn't know this until then) that being spanked was a huge turn on for me. I had been spanked once during my wild times, but nothing like this. I could not see my ass, of course, since my face was buried in the crotch of Zeke's pants, but Elijah told me later that my ass became beet red. Elijah found my clit, and I had a noisy orgasm.

The driver had been watching all this in his rear view mirror it turns out, and at one point he pulled over. He turned around and said, "The ride is free boys if you will let me fuck her."

Now I was offended. Did he really think I would fuck someone for money? And even if he did, the price of the Uber ride was small - he was implying I was a two-bit whore. I sat up, pushed down my skirt, buttoned up my blouse, and said, "I think it's best if you just drive us to the destination, please."

He shrugged, got back into the driver's seat, and I did not let the men do anything to me, not even kiss me, for the rest of the ride home. I kind of understood, however. I was not giving a great impression letting two men treat me that way, and exposing myself, in his car. What was he supposed to think? But still, I was furious. It certainly did kill the mood.

One problem was that I was still turned on and wanted more. Both men had tents in their pants. The driver did too, I noticed, when he asked to fuck me. I knew I was in for some sexually heavy times at The Chateau.

We were the last of the three to arrive. As we left the car to walk up to the house, I heard the music Luke had already put on the sound system. All the lights were on, and the blinds were up, so we could see into the house, and so could anyone else who happened by.

The music had a nice beat. We entered and saw Luke sitting and sipping a cocktail, while Andrew and David were dancing with Mary and Samantha. Excuse me, Mary and Sam.

Sam was already naked above the waist, and her tight pants were still on, but they were unzipped. Mary was dancing in just her panties. All three men were fully clothed. The girls were dancing with drinks in their hands, occasionally spilling them as they moved and were groped. Most of the time they were giggling. Sam would reach over from time to time and give Andrew a sloppy kiss, then dance away from him, giggling.

A slow song came on, and the men pulled the two girls close to them. As they danced and ground their pelvises together, David pushed down Mary's panties, and she stepped out of them, kissing him while she did so. As if inspired by this, Andrew peeled off Sam's tight pants, taking her panties off with them. Now both girls were dancing naked. Everyone applauded them.

That left me, fully clothed. Zeke and Elijah looked at me hungrily. I looked at them and shrugged. They pulled me up from the couch where I sat next to Luke, and removed my blouse. I was now topless. Quick as a bunny they also removed my skirt, and I was now naked, like the other two girls.

Luke left to get his camera. He posed the three of us naked, me, Mary, and Samantha in a line facing him, and he snapped away. He wanted some "sexy pictures," so I stuck a finger in Mary, and she stuck a finger in Sam. Sam had nobody to stick a finger in, since we were lined up and my cunt was too far away, so she stuck a finger into Mary's asshole. Mary jumped when Sam's finger entered her ass; she had not been expecting it. This caused cheers among the men. Luke snapped away.

"More, please," Luke said. So I got onto my knees and began to lick Mary's slit. Mary groaned. Samantha was left out again, so she went over to Zeke, undressed him quickly, and let him by his cock over to me, and said, "Stick it in." He entered me and began to pump away, fucking me nicely. Andrew undressed, came over and roughly pushed Sam to the floor. He picked up her head with both hands and brought it to his semi erect cock. She took the hint and swallowed it up to his balls.

Andrew's cock quickly began to grow to its full size in her mouth, and he held her head in its position, and she began to gag and get a little frantic. He let her head go, pushed her onto her back, spread his legs, and plunged it into her. She gasped as he entered her and then he roughly and brutally fucked her.

In comparison, Zeke was being sweet and gentle, as he pumped in me slowly. I stood up forcing Zeke out of me, and leaving Mary with no one to continue her cunnilingus. She was squirming on the floor. I turned to Elijah and whispered in his ear, "I want that, but rougher." I nodded my head towards Andrew and Sam. I had been thinking about how erotic Elijah's spanking had been in the car. Elijah said nothing. He only smiled.

Elijah's smile scared me. I knew I wanted to be manhandled and have rough sex, but I did not know in any detail what I wanted. It was more a general erotic desire, awakened by the spanking in the car. Elijah's smile reeked of sadistic misogyny and that scared me. I did not know him; I did not know what he was capable of. Fortunately I remembered Luke was there. He would protect me, I hoped.

The first thing Elijah did was to enlist everyone else and to tie me up. The men were enthusiastic, the girls less so, since they were being ignored. But still, they were curious. They led me outside to the front yard. They lay me on the cold ground, and tied me to four trees. Elijah put a pillow under my head, propping it up a little, so I could see my naked body sprawling out below it. I complained I was lying on rocks digging into my back; it would be better on the grass.

Elijah smiled his wicked smile, and said, "Yes, I know. You are mine now, you do as I say." When he said that I had two reactions at once. I shivered and my cunt became electrified. I realized I was suddenly a submissive. I had hints of this in the past, when I would get drunk and do what men wanted (within reason) if they spoke authoritatively and ordered me to do it.

But this was of a whole different dimension. Everyone left me there and disappeared into the house. I just lay there, out in the cold, exposed to anyone who wanted to look. Fortunately, the house was at the end of the island and not too many people were about, even fewer pedestrians. Only our neighbors might walk by. Our neighbors! I thought. How humiliating for them to see me like this. My cunt began to get seriously wet.

I heard the music restart. I was getting rather cold. My flesh had goose bumps and my nipples were hard as rocks. Finally Andrew and Samantha came out. Elijah was supervising. He told Samantha to lie down and rest her head on my flat tummy, as a pillow. He removed the rocks from where she would be lying. Bastard. Only I got the rocks.

Then Andrew loomed over her, put his cock at her mouth, and she sucked for all she was worth, with her head on my tummy. I had a rather intimate view. Elijah left, and when he retuned he was carrying something, but he hid it from my view.

He stopped the fellatio and he moved Samantha so that her ass was now on my tummy. He pushed her up a little more so that her cunt was at the edge of my hip. Her head was down on the ground, as were her feet. He told her to spread her legs wide.

Luke snapped a flash photo. I thought of our neighbor seeing the flash, getting curious and trying to see what we were doing. I shuddered. Then Elijah said to Andrew, she's all yours until David gets hard again. Apparently David had already fucked Mary, or been sucked off by her, or had been jacked off, I had no way of knowing. Or maybe it was by Samantha before she came outside? I doubted that.

Andrew stuck it in, giving Samantha a nice but fairly brutal fuck. Elijah yelled at him to fuck her harder. He did. Elijah wanted it harder still. Sam's midsection was bouncing around on my naked tummy as they fucked. It was torture for me. My eyes were glued to the action nevertheless. Samantha was not a moaner, but she clearly enjoyed the fuck, even if her position was a little awkward.

Elijah was holding the brush from our dustpan. It had dust at its ends. He started hitting my boobs with the brush. The bristles were fairly soft, so it didn't hurt, thank goodness. But the sensation of the soft blows while Sam's midsection was moving rhythmically on top of my midsection, plus the smell of their sex, was erotic. A groan slipped out of my mouth.

When I groaned Elijah stopped. He took our broom that Luke had brought out, apparently at Elijah's request, and used the leverage of the long handle to hit my boobs with increasing ferocity. The broom's bristles were much stiffer than were those of the dustpan brush, and they really stung.

David suddenly appeared out of nowhere. I was raised up a bit, straining at the ropes, and having them dig in more around my ankles. It hurt. David slid his legs underneath me and without warning stuck his cock into me. I was already sopping wet down there, so he slid in easily.

He got a rhythm going, but it was not the same as Sam's body. Sam was coming back down to my tummy when David would thrust up into me. The combined pressure was intense, and with each of David's thrusts I let out increasingly loud groans. They soon became screams. Luke was filming all of this. He had set up his movie camera.

Mary wandered out of the house, still naked. Now everybody was outside helping Elijah with his machinations. Apparently she felt left out, so she undressed Luke and began to suck him off. Elijah snuck up behind her and his raging, hard cock entered her ass. She screamed when he entered. He had used no lube, and no warning.

The ass entry had pushed her head forward so that she enveloped Luke's entire cock. I had never managed that. But she gagged and was in distress. Elijah ignored this and was pounding away in her ass. She began to cry but she kept on sucking Luke and did not try to get Elijah to stop. I don't know if would have, anyway.

The lights and the screaming, music and noise brought our neighbor, the voyeur, over to see what was going on. With my head propped up I could have seen him but Sam's body was blocking my view as Andrew continued to relentlessly fuck her.

Apparently he just stood there looking, as if he were in a state of shock. Elijah saw him and pulled out of Mary's ass, and told her to get up and undress our neighbor. I don't know why, maybe was scared of him, or also a submissive, but she did as she was told. She undressed him and then gave his cock a few sucks.

Andrew blew his load into Samantha, and he told her to get up. Then he went to our neighbor and led him to me. He said, "Fuck her. She needs it. Tell him you need it, Susie." Then he turned to our neighbor and said, "She's my bitch tonight."

I said to our neighbor, "I want you to fuck me."

Elijah started whipping me with the broom, this time all over including my cunt, and said, "That's not what I told you to do!" Luke was catching all of this with his camera.

I realized my mistake. I said to our neighbor, "I need you to fuck me."

Elijah said get on her and do it, or I'll really punish her. I pleaded with my eyes.

The neighbor said, "I don't know her, I'm only the neighbor. I can't do this."

Elijah said, "Mary and Samantha, he's yours to torture."

Our neighbor did not know what strange world of sexual games he had innocently wandered into, and he got scared when he heard the word torture, seeing me already tied up outside on the rocks and being beaten with a broom. I could tell my body was red and welting. So he said, "I'll fuck her. I've been lusting after her for some time, so it will be nice, since she needs me to." He emphasized the word needs. Elijah smiled.

Our neighbor gave me a great fuck. I realized I had wanted to fuck him for a long time, and now it was happening. Also he was a good fuck, but mostly it was due to my desire that I came so quickly. Without realizing what I was doing, I screamed loudly when I came.

Our neighbor smiled, and kept right on fucking me. He put a finger down and began to frig my clit while he fucked me, and then I had my first rolling orgasm, coming continuously. God it was good. Everyone was watching, too, which turned me on something fierce. I tried to wrap my legs around him, but of course could not because they were tied to trees, and the reminder that I was bound and could not get away turned me on even more.

All this together combined to give me the strongest orgasm of my life. I think I lost consciousness for a few seconds. God it was fierce. I regained consciousness and our neighbor, oblivious to what had just happened to me, but feeling macho by my loud reactions to his fucking, just kept right on going.

This was not lost on Elijah, however, who had been observing everything. When our neighbor finally shot his load in me, Elijah said to Luke, "Aren't you going to invite him in for a drink?" They left for the house. He told Zeke and David to untie me, and he ordered the girls into the house. They were cold, and happy to oblige.

When I was free of my bonds, and sexually spent, Elijah ordered me to crawl to the house. I looked at him. My knees would be bloody. His expression was grim, so I began to crawl to the house. He hit my ass, hard, with the broom as I crawled, it really hurt, and my ass began to sting. My cunt got wet with arousal. But I made it: I had crawled all the way to the house.

In the house he tied me in a kneeling position into a ball with my knees tucked under me. Then he took me from behind, and as he had done with Mary before me, there was no warning, and no lube used. It was very painful at first. I realized that's the idea, so I kept quiet. Eventually he blew his load into my ass. Whew, I thought.

He untied me and left his demon state and asked if he could get me a drink, told me I was wonderful, and kissed me sweetly. It seemed a bit surreal.

Luke got antiseptic and cleaned the wounds on my back and knees, and put bandages on them. I realized that throughout that ordeal, it was "only" David and our neighbor who had fucked my cunt, and Elijah who took me in the ass. I had been spared sex with Zeke, Andrew, and of course Luke. But I was satiated. I had had enough.

Nevertheless, apparently Zeke had been lusting for me all night, and he wanted his turn. His chance came an hour later, when I was almost falling down drunk, and could not have stopped anyone from fucking me. Zeke's patience was rewarded: he took me on the living room carpet in front of everyone, and Luke's ubiquitous flash camera. I had another noisy orgasm, although it was nothing compared to my one with the neighbor. But all orgasms are wonderful, and I was happy, and just lay three on the floor after the last fuck of the night.

It wasn't though. Andrew took me a few minutes later. I tried to protest, but as I began Elijah kissed me, and I knew enough to know I had better just enjoy the fuck.

The last person to fuck my cunt that night was Elijah. He fucked me normally, there was no hint of his sadism everyone saw and I experienced earlier that evening. I did not cum with his normal fuck, but he sure did. That man had a lot of cum.

All the men except my date, Luke, had fucked me. Even our neighbor fucked me. That's five men in total. Our neighbor also stayed and was there to see me get ravished by Zeke, Andrew, and Elijah, too. I don't know what he thought of me after all this. I imagine he was not going to invite me to go to church with him on Sunday. I giggled to myself at the thought.

The fucking over, I sat up, still naked, and oozing cum onto the rug beneath me. In this state I said, "Anyone here Catholic?" Only Mary was. "You up for morning mass tomorrow?" I asked her.

Mary just stared at me. She looked at the cum oozing out of my cunt. Then she collected herself, giggled, and said, "Sure why not. Can you lend me some appropriate clothes?"

I smiled wickedly and said, "Of course."

I think Elijah was thinking of having church sex or something, but he asked if he could join, even if he wasn't Catholic. "Only if you take communion and contribute to the poor box," I said.

"Deal," Elijah said. That was that. We all went to sleep. Luke and I took our usual places in bed, and everyone else slept on the floor of the main room. We lent them blankets and handed around some extra pillows, throw pillows, and couch cushions.

The next morning the three of us, Mary, Elijah, and I drove to St. Teresa, the local Catholic Church. I told Elijah that there would be no sex with me in church. Even though I was a lapsed Catholic, I thought it was too disrespectful.

Elijah looked crestfallen, but then Mary said softly, "You know, I'm here too. Elijah you keep forgetting about me. Last night it was all about Susie and Samantha. I felt a little left out."

"Don't you find me attractive?" she said.

Elijah did not reply, but his mood brightened. Elijah and Mary sat together near the back of the church, while I went up front. I used the time to meditate: What on earth I am doing with myself, stumbling through life repeatedly making a mess of things?

Once again I decided to reform. I felt like a smoker who quits repeatedly, each time vowing this time is for real. He would stay smoke free until some pretty girl he had just fucked offered him an after sex cigarette and took one herself. The analogy with me worked with booze.

I don't know what happened at the back of the church, but something sure did. I could tell by the smell when they got in the car.

We drove home with me contemplative and Mary and Elijah all smiles. Elijah had his hands on Maria in spots the sun does not visit.

When we got home Luke told me the news: We were done. I was just too wild for him. This weekend he saw sides of me that, frankly, scared him. Goodbye, and good luck.

Well last night scared me, too, but dumping myself did not seem to be an option. I had let my weaknesses blow one of my best relationships. I went to the bedroom, closed the door, and cried.

Samantha came in and tried to hold me and comfort me. But it was not to be. I appreciated it, and told her she was sweet. We exchanged telephones. I cried for two hours.

Samantha got us an Uber to the train station, and I took a train back to Manhattan.

That was three years ago. Now I'm 30 years old, and still single. I never thought I was an alcoholic, but I went to AA and damned if it did not help! I have not had a drink in 18 months. My life is calm and my work is better. But I am lonely.

To distract myself I tried some discrete flashing. When you are a 27-year-old working professional woman you cannot get away with things as easily as you can when you are a college student. It's a different world.

I live in Manhattan, and there are so many people that if you look for them, you find opportunities. The flashing began unintentionally. I was in the subway, properly dressed, but it was a hot day. The subway cars are air conditioned, the platforms are not. And there had been a problem, so I had to wait a full 10 minutes for the train to come.

When the train came it was packed. I was wearing a skirt of the proper length, and the jacket was part of my work outfit, the type one does not remove. Underneath I wore a very flimsy, almost (but not quite) see-through blouse. This is not a big deal, lots of women wear them, and they wear modesty preserving bras underneath.

I don't own those kinds of bras. My bra was a lacey, somewhat see-through bra, although my nipple was covered. Anyway, it was so hot I took off my jacket on the platform. I was left alone, so I did not really understand the effect my new outfit might have on a 27-year-old bourgeois looking woman, which is what I had become.

Since there had been a long delay for the train, it was packed when it arrived. Lots of people exited at my station, the platform was packed and everyone tried to get on. I was well positioned, so I was able to be one of the first to get on, and stood by the opposite door. People pushed and squeezed into the car, and I was pushed up against the opposite door.

The cars have good air conditioning, but after a few stops I was still sweating form the heat. Everyone was. All the warm bodies in the car muted the effects of the air conditioning. My flimsy blouse got wet from my sweat, and I had no idea but now it was transparent.

We got to Grand Central Station, and half the car emptied. Quite a few people got on too, but the train car was not nearly so full. I could breathe easier; nobody was pushing me against the door anymore. The man next to me was staring intently into the train windows across from us.

I got curious, because there was nothing to look at since we were in the tunnel. Then I realized the windows reflected the interiors of the cars. He was staring at me. Not at my face, a little lower. I looked at my reflection, just as he was doing, and I saw that my sweat had rendered my blouse transparent, and also my bra. He could see my entire boob through my blouse and my bra, nipple included.

I had two emotions. One was to cover myself, to put my jacket back on. I was no longer overheated, so that would be the thing to do. The other was to let him look. I had been unaware of it anyway. I could pretend to stay unaware. Why not? Who would it hurt? Call it a wardrobe malfunction.

Plus, with the second option, I would have two benefits: I would not get overheated again, and I could continue my arousal, which I must tell you was strong at this point.

This turned out to be a self-correcting harmless bit of exhibitionism, since by the time I exited the subway, I had cooled off and my blouse and bra had dried somewhat, and while I was still exposed, it was not so much.

I was headed to the Upper East Side to see my doctor. He works late on Thursdays, so I can go after work. Decision time: I now had to walk on the crowded sidewalks for about 10 minutes to his office. Jacket or no jacket?

Stepping out of the train car the heat hit me like a moving truck. Climbing up the stairs I began to sweat. Out onto the hot sidewalk the heat felt brutal. After a few minutes, I stopped in front of a shop window, as if I were window-shopping. In reality, I wanted to see my reflection in the window. It was not as easy as in the subway, but I could tell once again my boobs and nipples were plainly visible, rendered so by my sweat.

This was not acceptable on the Upper East Side. Maybe it would be okay in the village, or even in SoHo, but here? No. I reached for my jacket and a thought hit me: I was sick of myself. What had I become? I kept my jacket off, straightened my shoulders pushing out my boobs, and strolled towards my doctor's office.

All of the men walking the other way smiled at me when they noticed. I smiled back. That's what girls do on the sidewalks of New York.

I did have a reality check when I entered the doctor's building, however, and quickly put my jacket back on. This kept me warm, however, and kept my chest moisture intact. Damn.

The nurse came to get me from the waiting area and the first thing she did was ask me to remove my jacket. She saw my state. I stammered my embarrassment, but she said, "Honey, in this weather we see that a lot. We're professionals, no worries."

When the doctor came in I was still on display. He is a great guy and very correct, but he is a man. He tried not to show it, but a knowing smile crossed his face. I got aroused again. The medical issue was fixed, and I left happily, carrying my jacket for the subway ride back to Chelsea, where I live.

After that, and the weekend in the Hamptons, my weakness for exhibitionism resurfaced, and I did not have to be drunk to enjoy it. On the weekends, I began to go without a bra, but only in the morning. I would go out for walk, and find reasons to bend over a lot, giving strangers a chance - should they be so inclined - to look down my blouse.

I did an informal survey. I would say ¾ of the men, older and younger, were very much inclined to benefit from my "carefree" nature. I would go braless. unbutton a bit at times, and have a morning coffee in a coffee shop. I would choose a table when possible near a spot where people would naturally be standing, for example the line to order and pay.

Some cafés, not many, had tables perfectly positioned for me. Those are the cafés that got my business. I would bring a good book, one I could get lost in. Sometimes I would feel a presence near me, and take short break from my book, and notice a man was "blouse downlooking."

I would instantly return to my book, and then squirm a bit in my seat in just the right way so that my blouse would billow out the right amount to give him a full breast view, nipple included. It was a movement I became highly skilled at. I even practiced it at home, with a group of mirrors I had set up. I was (modesty aside) an expert at this.

I know a lot of women like to flash pussy. That seemed more dangerous to me, and also challenging. Nevertheless one day I decided to try. If you take the East Side subway express train and exit at 59th Street, there is a long escalator, always preferred to hiking up an equally long flight of stairs. So on this fateful day, I wore no panties, and a mini skirt. I figured anyone a couple of escalator stairs below me would have an escalator-ride-long view of my pussy.

To remove doubt, while standing on the escalator, I bent over to adjust the strap on my sandal, and I'm sure the man below me, if he were looking, got a nice view of my bare ass and my pussy. I don't shave it, so he saw a hairy bush.

Then I did something that was in equal measures both daring and stupid. I bent over to adjust my strap immediately after exiting the escalator. This gave the man behind me an excuse to bump into me by accident, right up against my bare ass.

He took the chance! He bumped into me, almost knocking me off my feet. Had he indeed knocked me off my feet, my plan was to fall sprawling, exposing myself to a clutch of people at once. However he prevented me from falling and profusely apologized, and helped to steady me, "accidentally" touching my ass with his hand.

I could tell he was scared to see how I would react. There is a big campaign being waged against "inappropriate touching" by the subway commission, and there are a lot of cops all about, mostly due to terrorist threats. Potentially I could have made trouble for him.

Instead I smiled a big smile and said, "Thank you for your help. It's nice to find a Good Samaritan in such a big city." He smiled back at me, a big smile from him, too, and we parted ways. New York City is a great place to remain anonymous.

I live on the 10th floor of a 15-story building. Recently just for fun, and even though I am no longer drinking, I have been flashing the windows when it is dark out. It's winter, so it gets dark early. It began innocently, when I got undressed in the bedroom, and then the phone rang. The phone is in the living room, with its big picture windows. Dressed in my bra and panties, I went to answer the phone.

It was my sister and we had a nice and fairly long conversation. As we were talking I gradually realized I was on display. The chair was facing the window and the blinds were up. Nobody from the street could see in, since I am too high up. However all the lights were on so anyone from a neighboring building, particularly from a floor higher than mine, could easily see me sitting there, talking on the phone in my bra and panties.

I pretended the bra was uncomfortable (which was true to a small extent, anyway), put the phone down while my sister was blabbing away, and took it off. I picked up the phone again and continued with the call, now topless, sitting in the window. I felt myself getting aroused. I felt my cunt through my panties and yes, it was definitely wet.

I made a habit of speaking on the phone in that chair only, and always being topless when I did. I did it in the day as well as the night, even though it was unlikely anyone could see me during the daytime. It was a gesture of vestigial exhibitionism.

This made me nostalgic for an earlier life. But those days were gone. I knew that. A week later I was in the local coffee house reading a novel and letting a cup of coffee get cold. There are quite a few coffee houses in my neighborhood but I always favor one in particular for some reason. A nice looking guy entered around my age, maybe a little older. All the tables were taken, and he used that as an excuse to ask if he could share my table.

I say he used it as an excuse, because there were lots of single occupancy tables, but he chose mine. I was by far the most attractive woman at any of the tables (modesty aside). Also most of the other girls were in their were late teens or in their early 20s.

We got to talking. He had often seen me in this coffee house he said, but this was the first time he had the chance to introduce himself. We hit it off, and I agreed to go to dinner with him that very night. At dinner I passed on the alcohol, but was able to flirt seriously even sober. It was harder for me to do, even a lot harder, and I was out of practice, but it helped a lot that he was clearly interested in me.

He had been single for a year after a brutal breakup. No children were involved. That's an issue when you're dating men in their 30s. He was off women the way I was off alcohol, but something clicked he said when he saw me repeatedly in the coffee house.

Of course, it is inevitable. Fate is like that. He lived in the building across the street on the 12th floor. I idly wondered if he had seen me topless on home on the phone, but I did not really want to know.

Making small talk he told me there was a young woman exhibitionist living in the building across the street from him. He guessed she was in her early 20s. I liked when he said that. He had seen me, but he did not know it was I he saw.

He continued, telling me that she sometimes spoke on the telephone topless. He also told me she had gorgeous breasts, as only a teenager can. He quickly added he knew it was wrong to look at her, but he could not help himself. Every night he sat by the window, hoping to see her.

I said, "New York is a big city. All sorts of people live here, no doubt even exhibitionists. And voyeurs." I smiled as I added that last tease.

I told him not to worry. Being a voyeur like that was harmless enough. If the woman did not want to be seen, she could draw her curtains or lower her blinds, right? I told him he should enjoy the show; pretend he was at the movies.

"I could make some popcorn," he said.

"Exactly," I replied.

He was taking a risk telling me all this; I could have been grossed out had I not been the girl in question. I wondered, was he hinting that it was me?

I asked if he had bought binoculars for a better look? He laughed and said he was not really a voyeur; it was just that this woman had perfect breasts. He said, "Actually, maybe I will. So far I have not been able to make out her face."

I replied, "Are you sure it's her face you are interested in?"

"You're right," he said. "I could only be disappointed after seeing your face here at the table with me tonight. Susie, you are a beautiful woman."

I blushed and demurred my eyes. Very feminine and coquettish, I know. But hey, I'm a girl.

He continued, "I'm sure your breasts are just as lovely as hers are, too."

I said, "Well, life is full of surprises. Let's change the subject." He immediately realized he had been inappropriate, especially on a first date. But I was wondering if he already I was the mystery woman. Perhaps he is just playing with me. That's okay, I thought. If he does know, then obviously he does not mind, and is not grossed out. That's good, because I was falling for him already. Hard.

New York has strange conventions. I don't tell men where I live until I know them well. I never do on a first date. So when the evening ended I had him walk me to the subway station. We kissed goodnight. I liked the way he kissed, so when he asked I gave him my cell phone number and said I hoped I would see him again. He said, "Definitely, Susie!" and he kissed me again.

As a parting gesture, I said, "Check out your exhibitionist across the street tonight at precisely midnight." Then I ran down to catch my train which I heard rumbling into the station. It did not go to my apartment, but to the East Side. This was a dodge. I live on the West Side. But this is also routine for me; there are some strange men out there.

I got off at Grand Central Station, where there it's easy to catch a cab, and grabbed a taxi to go home.

I got home at 11:30pm and turned on all the lights. I undressed until I was nude in my bedroom, and at precisely midnight I walked into the main room where the telephone is. I walked back and forth naked, so he could see my boobs jiggle, and then I finally simply stood still, naked, giving the window (and him, if he were watching) a full frontal. I held it a few minutes, and then smiled a big smile, and waved.

He called me a few minutes after I finished, saying he hoped it was not too late to call. I took the call and said, "Just a minute while I sit down and get comfortable." I sat down in the chair and spoke with him while I was naked. This made it all the more obvious he was dating his exhibitionist.

He did not however mention the mysterious exhibitionist or how I knew she would do this tonight at midnight precisely. But we both knew he knew it was I, of course. He invited me out the next night, and I agreed.

The next night, when I was back home, I masturbated in the window for him. When I was done I blew him some air kisses. The subsequent night I inserted a dildo. Both nights I got a call, and more dates.

After the masturbation night, when he called and asked me out and I accepted, we made some small talk. He said, "I took your idea and bought a pair of binoculars."

I was taken aback. I said, "Oh. You did?" Okay, it was not my most poetic moment.

He said, "Yes. I can almost make out the features of my exhibitionist's face."

"I'm beginning to worry about you, my friend. After what you just told me about her masturbation, which sounded fairly entertaining, you were looking at her face? I would think your attention would have been elsewhere."

"Oh yes, it was," he quickly said. "I masturbated along with her, I confess." This got me excited. "But I love to look at a woman's face when she enjoys sexual pleasure. It's really quite erotic, you know," he added.

I said, "Thank you, but I'm primarily into men's faces in those situations, "I said. Then I giggled.

The fourth night I let him take me home. He feigned surprise when he discovered I lived right across the street from him. He never mentioned the exhibitionism, and neither did I, but that night I let him undress me in the same window, just in case he had voyeur friends in his building. I think he realized that, and he was into it.

A week later he fucked me in that same window. He took me doggie style. I had two orgasms, and screamed loudly both times. He was hooked. So was I.

The next night we each masturbated, facing each other, in the same window. Damned if he didn't look at my face, too. I got aroused doing this in front of him, and then I realized that doubtless a lot of other men live in his building across the street. I climaxed after that thought, earlier than I had planned. Then I crawled over, my boobs swaying around below me as I crawled. I opened my mouth, and helped him to climax, too.

A romance blossomed around our shared secret. A year later we were married, and now as I write this I am a new mother. It's funny, his name is Mike, the same name as my first true love who turned me into an exhibitionist and was a misogynist and did horrible things to me. Of course, he also taught me all I know about sexual perversions. There is still a lot to learn out there, but a girl does not have to know everything.

In contrast, my new true love, my new Mike, is a loving, wholesome man. He enjoys my exhibitionism, but differently. He is not misogynistic, so much as simply accepting.

We never discuss my exhibitionism, but he seems OK with me being naked occasionally in front of the windows. He even repeated fucking me in the window a few times. He finds unspoken ways to encourage me, when I show myself off a little, later the sex is inspired.

At times I wonder how people will respond to possible sneak peaks of my private areas, which I am pushing a baby carriage? I figure I will start by wearing think yoga pants without panties, and bend over my baby from time to time. Mike does not know about this idea. I don't need to tell him everything, do I?

Mike has no idea how weird and sexually out of control I was in my early 20s and that more recent fateful day in Montauk. I figure he does not have to know. Still, I worry I might have a relapse some day. It's deep down in me, and I cannot get rid of my slutty urges. But I have free will, and so far I have successfully resisted them.

My new Mike is a professor of literature, and he has started a subspecialty of studying the use of exhibitionism in novels in the 19th century. We know why he chose that topic.

He tells me his classes are popular, especially with the coeds. He wants me to give a special lecture on digital privacy. Nobody could do that better than I, but so far I have resisted.

My sister Sarah and my parents have met him, and so far I have kept both my sister and my mother under control, thank goodness. Our child is a beautiful baby girl. I will have a talk with her about the birds and the bees like we all do, but as she matures, and before she heads off to college, I have a lot more to tell her about. Just in case it is genetic, you know? Time will tell.

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Coda: Some of you may be wondering what became of my former lover Philip. He is clearly an ambitious, evil man, willing to use anyone to get ahead. Once he no longer had me to use and abuse, he started farming out the sexual services of his beautiful wife Ursula, the mother of his children. He did this to get ahead, and because behind it all, he hates women.

They got divorced, and Ursula took the children to Sweden, as far from Philip as she could get them. He found a new slut, and continued his evil ways. Now is a senior vice president of his bank.

Life is not Hollywood. Assholes often come out on top. Philip is one of them. There are, however, hackers who can find out if he is embezzling. As it turns out, he is. He is not only ambitious, but greedy. The authorities have not yet learned of his criminal behavior, but it seems to me they will soon. They may get some help...